m 245

The Dreadful and most Prodigious

TEMPEST

AT

MARKFIELD in *Leicestershire*,

On *Thursday Septemb.* 7.

Where most wonderful Stones of Hail fell down in the forms of Swords, Daggers, and Halberts.

Together with the Terrible Claps of Thunder, And the noise of two Armies incountring one another, the Canons playing, and Muskets shooting incessantly, and the Lightning, Flashing, and Fighting against the Lightning:

WITH

The Dreadful Devastation it made on the Ground, Trees being plucked up by the roots, and Walls and Houses torn in pieces.

Attested by many able Persons, and of undoubted Credit, who were the sad Spectators of it.

To which is added the last Observation of

Sir *GEORGE BOOTH:*

His Character, Transformation, and his

EPITAPH.

LONDON,
Printed for *Will. Gilbertson* at the Sign of the *Bible* and *Spur* in *Gilspur-street*, 1659.

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m 245

The Dreadful and most Prodigious

TEMPEST

AT

MARKFIELD in *Leiceſterſhire*,

On *Thurſday Septemb.* 7.

Where moſt wonderful Stones of Hail fell down in the forms of Swords, Daggers, and Halberts.

Together with the Terrible Claps of Thunder, And the noiſe of two Armies incountring one another, the Canons playing, and Muskets ſhooting inceſſantly, and the Lightning, Flaſhing, and Fighting againſt the Lightning:

WITH

The Dreadful Devaſtation it made on the Ground, Trees being plucked up by the roots, and Walls and Houſes torn in pieces.

Atteſted by many able Perſons, and of undoubted Credit, who were the ſad Spectators of it.

To which is added the laſt Obſervation of

Sir *GEORGE BOOTH:*

His Character, Transformation, and his EPITAPH.

LONDON,
Printed for *Will. Gilbertſon* at the Sign of the *Bible* and *Spur* in *Gilſpur-ſtreet*, 1659.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

The strange and dreadful Apparation of wonderful Meteors in the Air, at *Markfield* in *Leicestershire*, on *Thursday Septemb.* 7. 1659.

BEfore I proceed to give you an accompt of the many admirable and prodigious formes of haile-stones, which in a great storm of thunder and lightning, were taken up and shewed to many at *Markfield* in *Leicestershire*, on *Thursday* the 7th of this present moneth of *September*; it will not be amiss to represent unto you, that it is the observation of some learned men, that some places by the Divine Providence, are more appropriate for miracles then others; not that the hand of God is confined to any peculiar place, but that he is pleased there more particularly to exercise his power, and to manifest either his Indignation, or his good pleasure to the Sons of men: Of this the Histories both sacred and profane, can furnish us with abundant examples, had we the leisure to prosecute so large a Theam.

Comets are sometimes seen in the Air, shooting forth their threatning Trains, like bushes of hair set on fire; Sometimes they appear in the form of a Lance, and sometimes of a great Beam set on fire, and with great terrour they do fly thorough the Air. Sometimes they represent a naked Sword, and sometimes a flying Dragon, according to the dispofition of the Exhalations, as they are more thin, or thick, and more or less capable of being inflamed.

The Philosophers do number up several sorts of them, and, do give several Names unto them, according to their several proportions and forms, or according to [illegible]

tions, being higher or lower in the Regions of the Air, or as they are more ſwift or ſlow in their motions.

There hath been apparitions in the Air not onely in the forms of Stars, or Swords, or Lances; but in the ſhapes of Men and Coaches drawn by horſes. In *Germany* about twelve years ſince, there was ſeen the ſhape of a Man in the Air, ſitting in the clowds, and cloathed all in white, on his brows were to be ſeen the rays of Divinity. Thoſe that beheld it, did intertain in their hearts the preparations for Repentance, and amendment of life, believing they had ſeen ſome ſign whereby they might juſtly ſuggeſt unto themſelves that the Reſurrection was at hand.

We have heard and ſeen of late of many forms of Hail-ſtones, which have cauſed great wonder in the beholders; Sometimes they have been taken up and obſerved for the moſt part to be flat, as in that dreadful ſtorm of Hail, preſently after that it rained fire from heaven, which was beheld by many travailers coming late to *London*, not far from *Epping* about three years ſince, and much about this time of the year: The Hail-ſtones then that fell were of a great breadth, and looked like ſo many flat pieces of Ice. Sometimes they have been ſeen to be ſquare in their form, and above an Inch and an half in length; ſometimes again they have been beheld to be of a great bigneſs, and to carry on them the Image of the face of a Man, which indeed although it be wonderful, we find the like to be recorded in Hiſtory. The form of theſe which I come now to relate unto you, is truely rare, for although in the Air, there have oft been ſeen the ſhapes of naked Swords, and Daggers, and ſome forms of Meteors repreſenting Spears, and thers repreſenting Halberts; yet we can never find that any falling from the cloud, were taken up from the earth, as theſe were which I come now to declare unto you.

On *Thurſday Septemb.* 7. in the afternoon there was ſeen at *Markfield* in *Leiceſterſhire* extraordinary flaſhes of light-

ning

ning, which breaking from the angry clouds made way for the enſuing thunder, the clappes whereof were terrible and continued chiding and roaring in the Air for the ſpace of an hour: At every ſilence and reſpite of the thunder, the lightning during this dreadful ſtorm did break forth with great force: And the next voyce of the thunder was louder, and more affrighting then that which was before; There were no ſhowres of raine, but at the laſt there was a moſt black, and dreadful ſtorm of Haile, and in ſtead of Hail-ſtones there fell ratling down from the Air, Halbeards, Swords, and Daggers, which being takeu up were found to be of the ſame nature, and to be begotten of the ſame extremity of Cold as were the Hail-ſtones, and after a little time, both the ſight and the fright which the ſight brought with it, did melt away at once. Many of the Town of *Markfield*, and places adjacent were much amazed at this prodigious ſpectacle, which to increaſe their wonder, was ſeconded by another terrible noiſe in the Air, as if two great Armies had been on their march, and advancing one againſt the other; The Canons were heard to play with importunate fury, and the muskets on both ſides in repeated volleys did diſcharge their cholerick errands: During this incounter there were beheld many prodigious erruptions of fire, which with great violence did fly in the Air, and running lower, did tear in pieces many ſtrong Houſes, and laid great Trees on their backs, which in an inſtance were plucked up by the roots. There was not far off a Lime-kiln, on which ſome part of the tempeſt did fall with ſo great violence that all the Lime was blown up in the Air, juſt as in a high ſtorm the waters of the Sea are blown, when the winds and the waves do wraſtle for ſupremacy. This being done, this part of the fiery tempeſt which came ſo low, was ſeen by all to take its courſe up the hill, where it vaniſhed away, and there was heard no more noyſe of it.

It is certified by ſeveral letters, that this Tempeſt at

the firſt did appear like a thick and rowling Smoak, and ſometimes it would caſt it ſelf into a great Circumference, like to a great wheel, or an Orbe, not eaſie to be compaſſed.

There is no man ignorant of the late great Indevours to ingage this Nation again in a new War, which by the Almighty goodneſſe is now quieted, and ſince we enjoy peace on Earth, let us pray for the Continuance of it, that ſo theſe Daggers and theſe Halberts, may fall in vain from the Armory of Heaven.

Sir *George Booth* is now a priſoner in the *Tower*, He that threatned ſo much alteration, and to fil this Iſland w th the thunders of his Arms, was inforced to fly at the firſt Sight, and to ſue for his ſafety to the protection of a Petticoat, which we can find no where better repreſented, then in this enſuing Poem.

What ſtrange Hermaphrodite, *two Sex in one!*
What firſt Sir George, *and now muſt be Sir* Joan;
He hath took a new ſtrange faction for his Cure,
What turn'd from the old? An Anabaptiſt *ſure*;
He is converted, 'tis no Robbery,
Exchang'd from George, *but to Sir* Dorothy.
Sure he did think by putting on the Gown,
That there were left no Midwives in Town:
But h'is miſtook, he hath it not by roat,
For all his Tricks, wee l pay his Petticoat.
He did not like Mars *Wars, but* Venus *Lock,*
And left the Steel to take the Linnen Smock;
Juſt like young Blades that creep out of the husk,
The Sword was not for him, he took the Busk.
Away, away, for it doth bring but loathing,
Wee'l find ſuch Wolfes, though covered in Sheeps cloathing.
The Whirlwind of his Fan's like Bottle-beer
To blow him up, wee'l lace his Stomacher;
I think his Name is changed every tittle,
For George *and* Doll *agree but very little;*

But

But now I think upon't, his wit was such
To choose one out of use like Pancridge *Church;*
For if it were too neer, there were no losse,
Right against Pauls *is standing* Charing Crosse.
But that's not all to this what I have said,
He might remember Doll *the Dairy-maid.*
Mark but the time, you see old things grow new,
The yeer is gone, and in comes Bartholmew:
I dare affirm he thought there to be set
A stately Booth *ith' Fayr for to be let,*
Inrich'd with hangings, and I do suppose
The Bill for it is Droppings of his Nose,
In these Characters bloudy red, not green,
Within this *Booth* Sir *George* is to be seen.
I wish all Sharks whose wealth's not worth a louse
To take this Booth, *for he might turn a House,*
He hath such Transactions, and such Figs withall,
Turn but his mind, and he may turn a Hall;
O! he was dreaming, or lay in a trance,
He thought by's Coats to make the Stones to dance.
I wish him turn Jack Pudding, *and make known*
To leap out of mans cloaths into a gown;
Nay that's not all, for when he is come to t
He'l be Sir George *on Horse, Sir* Doll *on foot;*
He's turn'd from the English *Church, to th'* Scottish *Kirk;*
Nay from a Cods-head, he's turn'd to a Shirk;
Ha, ha, I can but laugh, here is the thing,
Now after this hee'l make good salted Ling;
He did leave all, both Country, Wife, and Riches,
And turn'd his Back, and ran out of his Breeches.
This is the Champion in the Wars of Mars
Who fought so long till's cloaths fell of his Arse,
And now for them he's glad to put in place
A Tammy Petticoat, with Poor-whores lace,
That now he swears, 'tis good for him to yeild,
A downy Bed is better then a field.

So

So for safe guard from all his dangerous foes
He hath crept under his old Grandams cloaths;
He had best take heed of a Crack that's louder,
For this old woman she may turn to powder.
And blow him up, her Cloaths cannot but smell
O'th stinking touch-hole like the mouth of Hell.
The handsome Leg is gone, and manly Brow,
He's turn'd a Female, drops a Courtsie now,
It is so humble that none can make lower,
He hath dropt so long, he's dropt into the Tower;
As for his Skin, believe me 'tis so loose
That from a Gander he's dropt to a Goose;
It was my study, and my dayly Care
To tetter him Knight, but now I'le call him Player;
For he's so cunning, and so wary grown
He'l be a man abroad, a Maid at home;
He will not stick, and that in publick view
For to be both the Wife and Husband too;
Sure he by Sybil, *or a Crew of Witches*
Was sham'd for to let VVomen wear the breeches.
There is no pleasure in't, I m sure there is pain,
His slavering mouth must have a Bib again.
Oh, Oh, I m mad, but if that here be room
I'd have this Epitaph *upon his Tomb.*

His Epitaph.

Here lyeth under this,
Would you know who it is?
In Truth a very Oddin.
'Tis neither he, nor she,
Then say who it should be,
Oh 'las! 'tis Anniseed Robin.

FINIS.